

The Mirror

OF

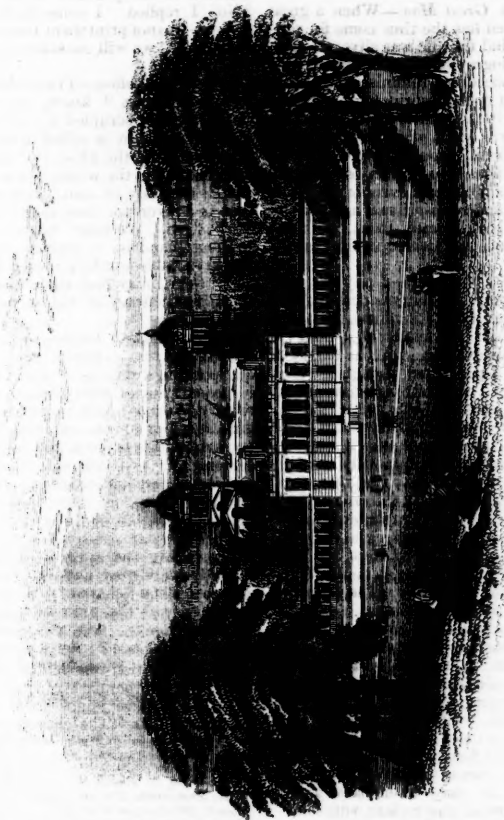
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Palmer's Clipping.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Original Communications.

GREENWICH AND GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

In submitting a representation of that noble establishment provided by national gratitude and national justice, as a retreat in old age from the storms of war for those who have fought the battles of their coun-

No. 1193]

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try on the ocean, we cannot direct attention to an object more deserving of admiration, or to a scene more worthy of a visit from all strangers in London who love to contemplate the beauties of nature, noble architectural objects, interesting remnants of antiquity, and scenery consecrated by the footsteps of the great, the learned, and the good.

[VOL. XIIII.]

Among the claims to the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen, put forth by Sir Christopher Wren, not the least, we should say, is that which is least remembered, the bold and virtuous recommendation to Majesty to convert a royal palace into a hospital for veterans of the sea. It was shortly after the accession of King William and Queen Mary that a project was formed for providing for aged and disabled seamen, and Sir Christopher then suggested that the unfinished palace at Greenwich (the old one having been taken down in the reign of Charles II) should be completed and enlarged for their reception; this advice being adopted, he nobly contributed his valuable time and abilities by superintending the works for several years without any emolument. Such was the origin of Greenwich Hospital, of which the first stone was laid June 3rd, 1696. The erections have since been improved in the reigns of successive monarchs, till they have formed the magnificent pile we now behold. The hospital is principally built of Portland stone, and consists of four distinct quadrangular masses, which bear the names of the several sovereigns under whose auspices they arose. The grand front opens on a terrace skirting the southern bank of the Thames, being 865 feet in length, in the centre of which is a descent to the river by a double flight of steps. The view given above is taken from the park, and consequently presents the back front of the building, with the river and the opposite coast beyond, and buildings in the distance.

Nearly a square is formed by the ground plan of the whole edifice, of which the portions raised by King Charles as a palace occupy the north-west angle, Queen Anne's the north-east, King William's the south-west, and Queen Mary's the south east. The interval between the two former buildings forms a square 270 feet wide, in the middle of which is a statue of George II, sculptured by Rysbrach out of a single block of white marble which weighed eleven tons, and was taken from the French by Admiral Sir George Rooke. The statue was given to the hospital by Sir John Jennings, who was governor of the hospital from 1720 to 1744. The space between the two latter buildings, which include the hall and chapel, with their elegant domes and the two colonnades, forms a lesser square, apparently terminated by the ranger's lodge in the park. The two squares are intersected by a spacious avenue leading from the town through the hospital. A general correspondence in style and arrangement will be remarked in the buildings which front the Thames. The north and south fronts of each exhibit the appearance of a double pavilion, con-

joined above by the continuation of an attic order, with a balustrade which surmounts the whole, but is separated below by an open portal. The centre of each pavilion displays an elegant pediment supported by four Corinthian columns, and the sides a double pilaster of the same order. King Charles's building contains the apartments of the governor and lieutenant-governor, the council-room and ante-chamber, with fourteen wards, wherein 300 pensioners can be accommodated. In the council room there are several portraits; in the ante-chamber two large sea-pieces, given to the hospital by Philip Herman, Esq., representing the exploits of his ancestor, Captain Thomas Herman, of the 'Tiger' frigate, in the reign of Charles II, and a series of six small pieces descriptive of the loss of the 'Luxembourg' galley in 1727. Queen Anne's building contains several apartments for inferior officers, with twenty-four wards for 437 pensioners. King William's building, as above-mentioned, stands to the south-west of the great square, and comprises the great hall vestibule, and dome. It was designed and erected by Sir Christopher Wren, between the years 1698 and 1703. To the east of these adjoins a colonnade 327 feet in length, supported by Doric columns and pilasters 20 feet in height. The great hall is 106 feet in length, 56 in width, and 50 high. The ceiling and sides are covered with portraits and emblematical figures painted by Sir James Thornhill, for which he was paid at the rate of 3*l.* per square yard for the ceiling, and 1*l.* for the sides, amounting in the whole to 6,685*l.* Here the car which carried the remains of Admiral Lord Nelson to his last resting-place in Sir Christopher Wren's other great structure, is preserved. The west front of King William's building, which is of brick, was finished in the time of George I, about the year 1725, by Sir John Vanbrugh. The eastern colonnade is similar to the west, and the foundation was laid in 1699, but the chapel and other parts of Queen Mary's building which are joined to it were not finished till 1752. The chapel, one of the most elegant specimens of Grecian architecture in the kingdom, was erected from the classical designs of the late James Stuart, Esq., commonly called "Athenian Stuart."

To detail the various arrangements made for the comfort of the inmates of the hospital is here unnecessary. Suffice it to say that they are conceived in a noble spirit of liberality, and those who have braved death in the cause of their King are appropriately indulged with a happy home in the magnificent domain which was once the abode of royalty.

Such it appears to have been so early

as the time of Edward I. From Greenwich King Henry IV dated his will. By Henry V it was granted to Thomas, Duke of Exeter. It was the favourite palace of Edward IV, Henry VII, and Henry VIII. In the days of the last-named monarch it was the scene of much festivity. Queen Elizabeth was born at Greenwich, and here she passed much of her time. Here her maiden Majesty was accustomed to walk with Essex, Burleigh, and their renowned contemporaries. In the 'Antiquarian Repertory,' we find a curious scene, in which Elizabeth and her secretary were performers. It occurs in "A parallel between Robert Devreux, Earl of Essex, and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham." "The Queen, not having for a good while heard anything from Scotland, and being thirsty of news, it fell out that her Majesty, going to take the air towards the heath, the Court being then at Greenwich, and Master Secretary Cecil then attending her, a post came crossing by and blew his horn. The Queen, out of curiosity, asked him from whence the despatch came, and being answered from Scotland, she stops the coach, and calleth for the packet. The secretary, though he knew there were in it some letters from his correspondents, which to discover were as so many serpents, yet made more show of diligence than of doubt to obey, and asks some that stood by (forsooth in great haste) for a knife to cut up the packet, for otherwise he might perhaps have awaked a little apprehension; but in the meantime approaching, with the packet in his hand, at a pretty distance from the Queen, he telleth her it looked and smelt ill-favouredly coming out of a filthy budget, and that it should be fit first to open and air it, because he knew she was averse from ill scents, and so, being dismissed home, he got leisure by this seasonable shift to sever what he would not have seen."

At Greenwich there was formerly an arsenal and powder magazine. M. Jorevin, in his book published in 1672, says:—"I went from London five miles down the river, to see the Arsenal of Greenwich, where every year are built many of the largest ships of war constructed in England. I went expressly to see the launch of that called Charles the Second; the King and Queen were both present. I had already seen it on the stocks, and had great pleasure in seeing it in all its parts."

Greenwich of late has much increased. The cheapness and expedition of the means of transit, brought down to one-third of what was formerly paid, induces many to reside there who have business in town. From Westminster bridge the fare is now but fourpence to Greenwich, or even to Woolwich.

THE DESPOT; OR, IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

(Concluded from page 361.)

THE extent to which this pretended reverence for the tormentor was carried is hardly to be conceived. It seems next to an impossibility that the power of dissimulation could be carried so far. By some philosophers it has been supposed that speech was given to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts, but that the tongue could be used for such a purpose by a perishing wretch, while enduring exquisite agony, they could never have surmised. Yet this is actually recorded. One of Ivan's nobles, inhumanly impaled, during his protracted sufferings, which lasted twenty-four hours, never ceased to exclaim, "God save the Czar." For this few could be prepared. The exclamation which was common from indifferent parties when an execution was ordered, of "It is the will of God and the Czar," only illustrates the maxim of Swift, that "one man can bear the sufferings of another like a Christian."

Most impartially unsparing was the blood-stained chief. Not even his son, the sharer of his cruel joys, and who promised fair to inherit the ferocity with the title of his father, could escape his demoniac rage. The Prince's mind had been polluted by the scenes he had witnessed, and by the base admiration expressed for them by the beholders. One virtue, however, he retained—courage, and that cost him his life.

Hostilities had broken out between the Poles and the Russians. The former had besieged Pskof. The son of Ivan wished to gain a name in arms, and begged that he might be placed at the head of a body of troops and allowed to relieve the place. Than this, nothing could be more praiseworthy, at least nothing more inoffensive, it might have been presumed. There is, however, no safety with a capricious despot. It awakened the jealousy and with it the ire of Ivan. Fury flashed from his eyes, and sternly regarding his son, he exclaimed "Villain! traitor! rebel! thou wishest to join with the disaffected boyards to dethrone thy father!"

While speaking he raised his arm, in which, as already mentioned, he usually carried an iron rod, and made an effort to strike the Cæsarowitch. One of his attendants, Godunof, endeavoured to interpose between the father and son, but in vain. Ivan was not to be restrained. He assailed the youth with the heavy weapon in his hand, struck him repeatedly, and at length a violent blow descending on his head brought the Cæsarowitch to his feet covered with blood. Then a spark of feeling awoke in the cruel bosom of the father. Shocked at the deed he had perpetrated he turned

pale from shame and remorse, and trembling with horror he exclaimed, "Wretch, I have slain my son." He raved, tore his hair, and, in the wildness of disconsolate grief, threw himself on the expiring youth, and endeavoured, but without success, to stop the crimson stream which he had caused to flow from the veins of his own offspring. In vain he called for the aid of those who were skilled in the healing art. Death approached, and the doom could not be turned aside or retarded. The father and son, whose hard hearts had in concert mocked the woes of many sufferers, were now doomed to deplore a sorrow of their own, while the prince felt his eyes about to close for ever, and the Czar reflected that his rash hand had prematurely consigned his son to the tomb. On that God who had restored the widow's son at the call of the prophet, he now called on to abate his affliction, but the prayer was rejected. Then he embraced his son, implored his forgiveness, and abandoned himself to despair. Strange and incomprehensible was the scene that ensued. The dying son declared his greatest grief was to redress the anguish of his parent. He kissed his hand and prayed him to be consoled. He declared that he died an obedient son and a faithful subject, and so his father was convinced of that, he had nothing more to exact and nothing to lament. Four days afterwards the youth expired.

The slave of ungoverned passion, Ivan desired the society of the softer sex. His amours were numerous, and marked with the utmost scorn for decorum. Beauty, whenever it caught his eye, he scrupled not to appropriate. Not content with claiming it for his own gratification, he would seize even more than he could personally crave as booty, to distribute among his depraved minions. In the month of July, 1568, Viaremsky, Griaznvi, and Skunatof, three of his favourites, with attendants, seized at midnight on many young females who were celebrated for their attractions. Married women, whose beauty had won admiration, were subjected to the same indignity. Some of these were wives of merchants; but they were forced to accompany the unmarried captives, and to leave Moscow under a guard. On the following morning, at daybreak, the Czar left the city himself, accompanied by a thousand men. He overtook Viaremsky and his companions, and was by them presented to the women. Ivan selected for his own gratification such as he thought most lovely, and, with a gracious air, made presents of others to his favourites. He then described a circuit round the walls of Moscow, burning the farms of the boyards who had incurred his displeasure, murdering their servants, and even

slaughtering, to gratify his lust for bloodshed, their domestic animals. Finally, he returned to Moscow with the triumphant air of a conqueror, and the beauties he had so fearfully outraged were compelled to augment the splendour of the pageant by walking in his train. Grief, shame, and the cruel inflictions they had known, caused many of them to sink to an untimely grave.

Thus reckless, thus depraved, Ivan advanced to that destiny which all can for a time forget, but none eventually escape. As he felt the day approach which was to strip him of pomp and power, and withdraw him from life, horrid images of the past failed not to give present misery, from the views it suggested of the awful future. His nights were often sleepless; and sometimes he would start from sleep with frantic shrieks, and dash himself on the floor, till he raved himself into a state of insensibility. Religion still occupied his mind. He prayed, and he vowed to devote himself wholly to God; but no fruit of virtue in his actions was the consequence of this wild excitement. To a monastery he expressed a disposition to retire; but from this he was easily dissuaded. His subjects besought him not to abandon them to themselves. They feared, if they did not entreat him to remain, that he would punish them for wishing that he should withdraw. In them a dread of vengeance acted the part of affection for his person, and Ivan consented to remain among his loving people.

With the year 1580 he was seen rapidly to decline; and in the following spring he was seized with a dangerous malady. It became obvious to every one that attended him that his days were numbered. Some of his astrologers announced that his life would not be extended beyond a certain period. To find that their art could penetrate to the time of his decease highly offended Ivan. Though he had called upon them to declare what they knew, he threatened to roast them alive by a slow fire if they suffered a single word to pass from their lips on the dreaded subject. To a surviving son, on the bed of sickness, he gave some good advice. He advised him to avoid war, to govern his subjects mildly, and to avoid laying upon them heavy imposts. Though occasionally he had recourse to what he called his devotions, and sometimes broke out in loud lamentations, nothing like substantial, continued penitence marked his last moments. The vanities of the world were still as dear to him as ever, and when his pains abated, he believed recovery at hand, and fondly mused on future gains and enjoyments. One day the dying Czar ordered himself to be carried into the apartment in which his most

valued treasures were deposited. He was accompanied by a Mr Horsey, an English jeweller, and while feasting his eyes on his pearls and jewels, he entered into a disquisition on the value and various qualities of precious stones, and pointed out by what marks they might be distinguished. This was melancholy trifling on the verge of eternity, for one in whom Nature had

"Made a pause,

An awful pause, prophetic of her end."

But this was not the worst. When the wife of his son Feodor went to visit him in his chamber, on approaching his bedside to soothe a dying man, the atrocious Ivan attempted rudely to seize her, and the daughter-in-law, favoured by his failing strength, was obliged to fly precipitately, to escape being outraged by his vile desires.

He did not long survive this crowning attempt to shock humanity. The time drew near when the murderous despot was to bite the dust. His last moments were sufficiently dismal, varied however from day to day by foolish hope and unmanly despair. Those about him believed that he frequently saw the spectre of the son who had fallen beneath the tempest of his ire, to whom he sometimes spoke with tenderness, and sometimes apostrophised in agony. On the 17th of March the Czar took a warm bath, which appeared greatly to relieve him, and the next morning he felt considerably better. This was the day beyond which the astrologers had predicted he could not survive. Them and their art, he now laughed to scorn, and wished only to punish them for the unnecessary alarm they had caused him. "Go," said he to Belsky, who was in attendance on him, "go and instantly give orders that those base impostors may be put to death. They told me, the fools, that this, at the latest, would be my dying day; and now I feel stronger, and health is about to return."—"Wait till the day is past," the intended victims are said to have implored; and the danger of the Czar was still so imminent that there were many who believed their prophecy might yet be made good. A second bath was prepared, in which he remained about three hours, after which he went to sleep. He soon rose, and intimated that he would play at chess. Belsky got ready the board, and was arranging the pieces, when Ivan, who had seated himself on the bed in his night-gown, while preparing to play, sunk backward and breathed his last.

Such was the end of this remarkable despot. On his monstrous deeds all comments may be spared. One thing is remarkable; his subjects rarely complained of oppression. From this we might almost draw the conclusion, that where tyranny really exists the sufferers fear to complain,

and it is only where freedom is largely enjoyed that a lament for its absence can be breathed.

Besides the victims of his lawless passion, Ivan was seven times married, and was actually a suitor to our Queen Elizabeth, to be his eighth wife! Her Majesty, however, in this as in other instances, was too wary to be caught in the matrimonial snare of such an outcast from humanity.

A RUN IN THE WESTERN HIGH LANDS.

LETTER V.

GLENCO, KING'S HOUSE INN, DALMALLY, LOCH FINE.

On the next morning (Thursday) we left Oban by a steamer that was bound for Fort William, intending to go to Ballahulish, a place about ten miles on the southern side of Ben Nevis. We commenced the voyage by the same course I had taken the day before, till we reached the mouth of the Linnhe Loch, and then we steamed it up that noble lake. The scenery at the head of the loch is the boldest loch scenery I saw in Scotland, and I dare say is of a similar character to that of the lochs of which it is the terminating one between Fort William and Inverness. It resembles the fine coast scenery in the adjacent seaboard, precipitous, masses of rock, that stand up, as I before wrote to you, like battlemented castles from the deep. You are told in the guide books that "you will be amply repaid for your trouble in exploring the shores of this lake, which present many striking and beautiful landscapes." The only loch on which I partially tried the experiment, Loch Lomond, amply repaid me for it. Instead of going up it per packet, one day we went by the road to Luss, the delightful and celebrated seat of Sir James Colquhoun, and came down the lake in an open boat. Such an experiment, however, would not do so well in the salt-water Linnhe Loch, open to the most stormy and uncertain of seas. Near Ballahulish, Loch Leven runs into Loch Linnhe, and at the mouth of that first-named lake (a small and narrow one, like a river) we were put out of the steamer in boats, and proceeded by the bank of the lake to the inn, situated among the mountains, with Ben Nevis in the distance. Here a party of seven of us, at lunch, consumed all the contents of the larder! and it turned out that five of the seven at this remote and wild place were members of the honourable profession of the law! I was surprised to find evidence of such migratory habits in a body I had understood to be so *sedentary*. There was a scramble for beds and for conveyances, of which the only kind you can get are cars, or *droskys*, as they are called. The poor ponies are compelled throughout the sea-

son in the Highlands to do double duty. I found forty or fifty miles a-day not an unfrequent toil for the animal portion of the establishment among the hills, and the proprietor is satisfied by telling you that "they are idle all the winter." The only way to travel properly through the Highlands is to be independent of the cars at the inns, by taking your own carriage or buying a pony for the trip, or using your legs. We succeeded in getting a lift through the pass of Glenco by the kindness of a gentleman who gave us seats in his car for ten miles, and we were obliged to walk another six, there being only one house, a shepherd's hut, between the inn at Ballahulish and King's-house inn, a distance of sixteen miles. The pass of Glenco begins a short distance from the village or clachan of Ballahulish, which is inhabited by the men who work in the neighbouring quarries of slate, for which this place is celebrated. I was surprised to find here a Catholic chapel, at which there is occasional service, an episcopal chapel connected with the English church, and a Presbyterian kirk. Mr Stewart, the proprietor of the slate mines, has a delightful residence at the head of Loch Leven. The pass of Glenco is the pass of Scotland, as Llanberis is of Wales, and which latter, indeed, it much resembles, though wilder and grander. It has an interest derived from its natural grandeur, from historical events, from romance and poetry, ancient and modern. I need not remind you of the dreadful massacre of the Macgregors, which made me feel ashamed of my country and that great king William III, as I passed the vale in which the tragedy was enacted. Ossian's cave is pointed out, as this pass has the traditional honour of being his birth-place. A recent interest has been given to this pass by two of the most accomplished of living poets — Campbell and Sergeant Talfourd; and Englishmen are now as familiar with the name of Glenco as any of their own most celebrated scenes. It has the same characteristics as the pass I described to you in my third letter — except that towards the head, the road is more winding, and the mountains more lofty and rugged. The road, too, is covered with blocks of stone, which the annual floods bring down from the mountain sides — and the burn has to leap and roar from similar enormous masses of detached rock. A gentleman who was with us informed us that the pass at this point very much resembled Swiss scenery — and certainly here at least the scene passed from the "beautiful" to the *sublime*. We passed through in a rolling mist that materially contributes to the grandeur of the Highland passes and mountains. The pass extends about twelve miles, and then you open on an expanse of moor that looks like

a sea. Before you and around you is nothing but the heather, stretching away for miles, and behind you the gigantic rocks at the head of the pass of Glenco. We had to walk four miles to the only inn between Ballahulish and Dalmally, a distance of more than thirty miles; and, as I said before, there is a solitary house between Ballahulish and this inn, which is called the "King's House inn," from the fact of its having been built for the use of the troops after the "Rebellion," as we should call it, or the "rising," or the "affair," or the "going out" (as it has been often designated north), of '45. In this district, too, you are enjoying the benefit of those famous military roads, of which the couplet says—
 "Had you seen these roads before they were made,
 You would very much have thanked General Wade."

This solitary hut we went into for a drop of genuine "dhu," and were hospitably received. But we were blinded by peat smoke, which was rolling through the hut like the mist in the glen, but of which the scent is very agreeable.

The situation of the King's House inn is romantic to the extreme. It is surrounded by moors, with a burn running by the side of the inn and the mountains of Glenco behind it. If you look at the map of Argyllshire, you will find that the King's House inn is in its heart, a few miles from the head of Loch Etive, in the very midst of the deer forests of the Marquis of Breadalbane and Mr Campbell of Monzie. This latter gentleman, indeed, was staying at the inn the night we spent there, *en route* to one of his shooting boxes, and was off in the morning with his foresters and dogs, on a deer hunt. The inn was also full of drovers, who slept in an adjoining shed, on their road to Falkirk tryst, one of the great markets of Scotland. Nothing could be more picturesque than their appearance in the morning, when gathering their herds together by the help of the indefatigable, sagacious, half-reasoning animals, *collies*, or shepherds' dogs. The whole scene is forcibly brought back to my remembrance whenever I see Landseer's delightful picture of 'Highland Drovers starting for the South.'

The Friday opened gloriously — and was a truly delightful day. Our first point to reach was Invercaron, about sixteen miles distant from the King's House inn, and the only mode of achieving that object was to have a car, which we accordingly did. The payment is ninepence per mile. We had a pony, which had done hard service the day before, but the power of work in these animals is "prodigious." A coach, indeed, has this year been started, that runs in the day from Glasgow to Fort William, and back the next day; and such is the demand for places that many travellers are unable to get accommodated, even

although it is loaded as much as possible. The more this romantic country becomes known in the south, the more English travellers will explore it, and a second coach must be started *pro bono publico*. The road passes through a country of moors for many a mile, with no houses but the Marquis of Breadalbane's foresters, and his own shooting box at Loch Tulla. We met his lordship riding on his pony, accompanied by his foresters, and bound for a starting point for a day's deer hunting, an aristocratic sport which the great judiciously and jealously reserve for their own pastime, leaving the meaner pursuit of grouse shooting to the multitude. His lordship is very fond of this sport, and a great adept at it, I understand. He "works" at it for weeks together, and hours every day, so that, emphatically, the words of the song are applicable to him:—"His heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer." This great sporting district is called Glenorchy; bounded on the one side by Loch Etive, Loch Awe, and Ben Cruachan; and on the other by the road passing by Loch Tulla, and Inveruron to Tyndrum, the site of the Marquis's lead mines, and famous as the battle scene of a fierce encounter between the Bruce and Macdougall of Lorn, who came off victor in the strife.

When we came to Inveraron, a difficulty arose as to progression. All the cars were engaged, and the generous landlord kindly treated us to a cart and cart horse, as the only vehicle and animal available, for which he as kindly only asked us posting rates! But there was no help for it, as we were particularly desirous of reaching Inverary that night, and accordingly we engaged this most effective and primitive of conveyances, the horse going not at a pace, but a movement, and jogging us at the rate of five miles an hour. Such is the luxury of travellers in that sequestered region, unless, as I said, you have your own horse, or are resolved to "foot it." And the best of the joke was, that we had to pass over a road little frequented at any time, and in winter absolutely impassable, along the burn of the Orchy that flows into Loch Awe, near Dalmally. The road is, however, very interesting, between the hills of the deer forest, clothed with cover for game, with the burn romantically winding and bubbling. This is the shortest but not the usual road, which goes round several miles by Tyndrum. (To understand this better you must of course have a very good map of Scotland in your hand.) After a jolt of fifteen miles, we got out of this romantic glen, and found ourselves in a richly-wooded district, that formed quite a delightful contrast to the glen—and on the termination of a ride of three miles, which reminds you of Derbyshire scenery, arrived at Dalmally, which is a sweet little

village with a very good inn, most charmingly situated on the banks of the Orchy, which near this place runs into Loch Awe. The whole scene forcibly brought to my memory the inn of Tan-y-bulch, in the vale of Festiniog, in North Wales. Well, here again we were at a stand still. The landlady, all complacence, "gave us to be informed and to understand" that all the cars at Dalmally were engaged for many hours, but gently intimated that we could be accommodated with a similar medium of conveyance to that which had brought us there; and as there was no help for it, we were fain to adopt the generous suggestion. Fancy K—— and me bumping up and down in this cart, when riding through the noble scenery between Dalmally and Inverary! after having had fifteen miles of it too! It was "a day" in my history, but I mention it to you that you and those who may peruse these most voracious of epistles, may be prepared "for squalls," when you or they make up your minds to go to the Western Highlands. The road winds from Dalmally round the head of Loch Awe, to a place called Cladich, where it joins the road through Glenary to Inverary, which at that point diverges to the banks of the loch at Port Sonachen. Of course you have the awful Ben Cruachan before you, and the ruins of the convent and chapel on these picturesque islands. You pass also by the distant ruins of Kilchurn Castle—one of the sights of the Highlands. It was built, it seems, by the great Kallien, from whom the Breadalbanes descend, Sir Colin Campbell, in 1440, as long back as which period the worthy knight flourished in Scotland, and laid the basis of the greatness of his celebrated family, who far as the eye can reach are "lairds of the Cairn and the Scour,"—

"They are monarchs of all *you* survey,
Their right there is none to dispute."

A couple of hours brought us to Inverary in a glorious sunset, which threw over the picturesque woods an appropriate hue of splendour, and we deposited ourselves in the coffee room of the comfortable hotel, where good company, good fires, and many a jocund laugh at our expense, soon restored us to our composure and made us forget the miseries of our travelling carriage. In later life we may travel in a more ambitious conveyance, but never on a finer day, in merrier mood, or under happier influences. *Eheu! eheu! labunteri anni!* Meanwhile, let us be happy.

On the next morning I left Inverary at six o'clock by the Loch Fine boat, which goes down the loch, and by the Kyles of Bute to Glasgow, K—— going home by the shorter route of Loch Goylehead. It was a bad day for a *pleasure* voyage, being Saturday, and the primary destination of the vessel being *business*, the comforts of

tourists were nobly and philosophically disregarded. The boat was crammed with cattle, barrels of herrings, and baskets of all sorts, with the attendant drovers and market women, all bound with their various charges to Glasgow. We were continually touching at some village on the banks of the Loch and the Clyde. First we stopped at Loch Gilthead, where the Crinan Canal is cut between Loch Fine and the Sound of Java. Here we took in quantities of sheep and cattle, brought, doubtless, from the Isle of Mull, or the pastures of Argyllshire. Then we stopped at Tarbert, a very picturesque place, and the chief fishing station for Loch Fine herrings, barrels and barrels of which excellent fish we took on board for the lieges of Glasgow. Then we ran through the noble passage between the Isle of Bute and the main land, called the Kyles of Bute, and touched at Rothesay. This place is becoming quite a fashionable watering-place for the Glasgow and Edinburgh gentry. The hills in its neighbourhood are being covered with villas; and certainly it is impossible to conceive a more perfect site for a marine residence. The distant hills of Argyllshire before you, the bold coast of Arran behind you, and the Clyde in front, make Rothesay as picturesque a spot as ever poet or painter feigned, and the walks around the island present you with sea-views continually changing, but of the noblest character. We stopped at all the numerous fairy-like villages on the Clyde, where the steamers have, in fact, created; and I arrived about five at the hospitable mansion which I had quitted on the Monday morning about the same hour, after a week most actively, agreeably, and instructively spent. I had no idea, on quitting London, that in one week you can scour Argyllshire from Glasgow, and, as you and a great many friends whom I should wish to introduce to this delightful tour were in a similar state of ignorance, I have thrown these hurried letters together to supply you with a few leading hints, and to animate you to the delightful excursion. I have left out a great deal that is interesting. I have not designed to write you a cheap guide-book, nor told you any of those amusing stories that are best enjoyed over the social glass, with the curtains drawn, by the fireside. Such excursions as these are among the true methods of cementing good feeling between the neighbouring, no longer hostile, countries. The firmest bonds that rivet the brotherhood of nations are forged by great authors, writing in a language common to both; and every Englishman of taste regards as second only to his own dramatic poet ("the greatest name in all literature"), the bard and romancer of Scotland, the portrayer of life, and one of the high priests of nature. The railroad

and the steamer are the best allies of the printing press, and effectually enable the inhabitants of both countries, now one nation, to enjoy the blessings of each. The year 1745 was signalized by a fruitless and bloody rebellion, of one country against another, to restore a doomed and frivolous race to a sovereignty they had abused. The year 1845 will be signalized by the rational rivalries of science and literature, or rather by the united application in both countries of the important discoveries of later times, for the common benefit of man!

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED.

AFRICAN OIL.—The Carapa Taloucoua, a meliaceous plant, which furnishes the seeds from which Talicoonah or Kundah oil is procured, is found growing abundantly in the Timneh country, and over the colony of Sierra Leone. The tree is lofty. The fruit is a large, somewhat globular five-celled capsule; the seeds, of which there are from eighteen to thirty in each capsule, vary in size from that of a chestnut to a hen's egg; they are three-cornered, convex on the dorsal surface, of a brownish or blackish red colour, and rugous. Specimens of the seeds, with the fruit, are contained in the Banksian Collection, at the British Museum. The natives manufacture it into oil, which affords a pleasant and good light. The leaves are used by the Kroomen as a thatch to their huts. At the village of Kent, near Cape Schilling, the oil is manufactured as follows:—The seeds are dried in the sun, then hung up in wicker racks or hurdles, and exposed to the smoke of the huts; when exposed for a sufficient time, the seeds are roasted and triturated in large wooden mortars until reduced to a pulp. The mass is then boiled, when the supernatant oil is removed by skimming. Talicoonah oil, medicinally, is both purgative and anthelmintic; its nauseous odour and bitterness render it, however, an unpleasant remedy. It is sometimes liquid, sometimes solid, according to the variable quantities of oleine and stearine which it contains; and it owes the bitterness which it possesses to an alkaloid principle. Mr Redwood, member of the Pharmaceutical Society, who made a few experiments to determine some of the most prominent characters of the oil, found it to be entirely soluble in ether, and that alcohol separated it in two parts,—a concrete substance, which was dissolved, and an oil fluid at ordinary temperature, on which the alcohol took no effect. The former contained the bitter principle and the nauseous odour of the oil, the latter was nearly colourless and tasteless.



Arms. Sa., three swords, in pale, points in base, ar., pommels and hilts, or.

Crest. A mount, vert, thereon a falcon, rising or gorged with a ducal coronet, gu.

Supporters. Two hinds, purpure semée of estoiles, ar., ducally gorged, or.

Motto. "Aimez Loyauté." "Love Loyalty."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF WINCHESTER.

From the Lordship of Paulet, in Somersetshire, according to Collins, this family derives its surname; its progenitor, Hercules, Lord of Tournon, in Picardy, having become proprietor on his coming to settle in England in the reign of King Henry I. That lordship, it appears from Collinson's History, was owned by Walter de Dowal, in the time of William the Conqueror, and from him it descended to the Paganel, Fitzhardings, Gaunts, and Gournays. The Paulets, however, it is certain, enjoyed, from a very early period, a manor in this parish, and thence no doubt took their name.

Sir John Paulet, knight, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Creedy, of Creedy; and dying in 1378, left two sons, Sir Thomas, the elder, progenitor of the Paulets, and William Paulet, the younger, of Melcomb Paulet, in Somersetshire, serjeant-at-law, from whom sprang the extinct ducal House of Bolton and Sir William Paulet, great grandson of John Paulet, Esq., by Constance de Poynings; Lord St John of Basing (at the decease of which noble lord the barony of Basing and Poynings fell into abeyance). Sir William enjoyed the confidence of Henry VIII, and was raised by that monarch to the Peerage, March 7th, 1538-9, as Baron St John of Basing, and at his Majesty's death his Lordship was appointed one of his executors. Lord St John continued a leading political character, and was created, in the ensuing reign, Jan. 12, 1549-50, Earl of Wiltshire, and Oct. 12, 1551, Marquis of Winchester. He was installed a Knight of the Garter, and held the important office of Lord Treasurer of England during the reigns of Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth. Being asked how he had contrived to retain his office during the series of changes which had taken place, he is said to have made the frank, but not very magnanimous, reply, "By being a willow, and not an oak." He erected the magnificent seat in the county of Southampton, called Basing,

and married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Capel, Knight, of the City of London. He died at the age of 97, March 10, 1572, and was succeeded by his eldest son, John, who had been summoned to Parliament, as Lord St John, while his father was living. He was one of the Peers who sat in January, 1571-2, on the trial of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. His lordship married first Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Robert Willoughby Lord Broke, by whom he had four sons and two daughters, and, secondly, Winifred, daughter of Sir John Burgess, Lord Mayor of London, and widow of Sir Robert Sackville, Knight. By her he had no issue. He died Nov. 4, 1576, and was succeeded by his eldest son William, the third marquis. He was a man of letters, and much esteemed as a poet. He married one of the daughters of Lord William Howard, of Effingham. He died Nov. 24, 1598, and was succeeded by his only son, of the same name. This nobleman, during one of her progresses, magnificently entertained Queen Elizabeth, at Basing. By that and other circumstances he grew much involved. He became the husband of Lucy, daughter of Sir Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, by whom he had six sons. The second surviving son had issue, the descendant of whom was subsequently twelfth Marquis of Winchester. William, the last lord mentioned, died in February, 1628, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son. This was Henry, the sixth marquis, who, on the breaking out of the civil wars, hoisted the royal banner on the battlements of Basing, and there maintained it till the place was in ruins, being carried by storm and burnt to the ground. The loss inflicted on the peer by this event, in plate, jewels, and other property, was estimated at 200,000*l*. He lived to see the cause of royalty triumph, and died at Englefield in 1674, where his monument bears the following epitaph, from the pen of Dryden:—

"He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And 'midst rebellion durst be just and good,
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more,
Confirmed the cause for which he fought before,

Rests here rewarded by a heavenly prince
 For what his earthly could not recompense.
 Pray, reader, that such times no more appear,
 Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
 Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
 Which, to preserve them, heaven confined in thee.
 Few subjects could a king like thine deserve,
 And fewer such a king so well could serve.
 Bless king, blest subject, whose exalted state,
 By sufferings, rose and gave the law to fate;
 Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
 To earth, and meant for ornament to heaven."

He was thrice married; first to Jane, the daughter of Thomas Viscount Savage, by whom he had one son, Charles, his successor; and secondly, to Honora, daughter of Richard, Earl of St Alban's and Clanricarde, by whom he had four sons and three daughters; and thirdly, to Isabel, daughter of William Howard, Viscount Stafford.

His successor, Charles, the sixth Marquis, was created Duke of Bolton, April 7, 1689. He is described to have been a man of singular habits. Burnet says of him, "He had the spleen to an high degree, and affected an extravagant behaviour; for many weeks he would not open his mouth till such an hour of the day when he thought the air was pure. He changed the day into night, and often hunted by torch light, and took all sorts of liberties to himself, many of which were very disagreeable to those about him. He was a man of profuse expense, and of a most ravenous avarice to support that; and though he was much hated, yet he carried matters before him with such authority and success, that he was in all respects the great riddle of the age. He married twice; first, the daughter of John Frecheville, of Stavelay, afterwards Lord Frecheville, by whom he had no surviving issue; and secondly, Mary, illegitimate daughter of Emanuel Scroop, Earl of Sunderland, and widow of the Hon. Henry Carey. By his second consort he had two sons and three daughters. His eldest son, Charles, succeeded him as second Duke, and was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1717. In 1679 he married Margaret, daughter of George, Lord Coventry, and subsequently Frances, daughter of William Ramsden, Esq., of Byrom, county of York, by whom alone he had issue. That lady bore him two sons and two daughters. He married for his third wife, Henrietta Crofts, youngest natural daughter of James Scot, Duke of Monmouth, and Eleanor, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Needham, Knight. One son was the offspring of this marriage.

Charles, the eldest son of the last peer, became the third Duke, and succeeded to the title in 1699. He was Constable of the Tower, and Lord Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets. His first wife was Anne, daughter and sole heiress of John Vaughan, Earl of Carberry, by whom he had no issue. He then married Mrs Lavinia Bestwick, an actress who was much admired as Polly

Peachum, in the 'Beggars Opera.' He had no legitimate issue by her, but she brought him three sons during the life of the former Duchess. On his death, August 25, 1754, his brother Harry succeeded him as fourth Duke. This peer being married to Catherine, daughter of Charles Parry, Esq., of Oakfields, Berks, had two sons and two daughters. The former, Charles and Harry, successively inherited the title. Harry married Henrietta, daughter of — Nunn, Esq., of Eltham, by whom he had one daughter, and afterwards Catherine, daughter of Robert Lowther, Esq., and sister of James, Earl of Lonsdale. By her he had two daughters. At his death, December 24, 1794, the dukedom expired, but the marquise and minor honours descended to his kinsman, George Paulet, Esq., of Amport, the descendant of the second son of the fourth Marquis. He married Martha, daughter of Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq., by whom he had issue Charles Ingoldsby and Henry. The latter became Vice-Admiral of the White; the former succeeded to the title on the death of the Marquis, who died April 2, 1800. He married Anne, second daughter of John Andrews, of Shotney Hall, in the county of Northumberland, by whom he had five sons and two daughters. His Lordship was premier Marquis of England. He died November, 1843, and was succeeded by his eldest son John, Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, born June 3rd, 1801.

What a Christian ought to be.—The Rev. Sydney Smith has been long known as a wag, and many have spoken of him as if he had a greater claim to admiration for his wit than for his religion. Eight or nine weeks since, the Rev. James Tate, canon residentiary of St Paul's and vicar of Edmonton, an eminent scholar, died, and by that event his family was almost suddenly deprived of the whole of that competence they had enjoyed a short time, after almost half a century of straitened circumstances. By the death of Mr Canon Tate the living of Edmonton fell to the disposal of Mr S. Smith. It appears from the Clergy List that this gentleman possesses no benefice but a small chantry living in Somersetshire, under 300*l.* a year. Edmonton is upwards of 1,500*l.* He might have appropriated it to himself, but without solicitation, he, within a very few days of the death of his friend the father, bestowed the living on the son, Mr Thomas Tate. It was an unexpected solace to the afflicted—a home to the family—and a fortune to those who had sustained a severe deprivation. Such an act must greatly extend the fame of the reverend humorist, and it proves that the castigation lately bestowed on the repudiating Americans, was prompted, not by love of money, but by abhorrence of fraud.

LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—No. VII.

BARON DE LA MOTHE FOUQUE.

THE father of the baron had been forced to leave France when the infamous revocation of the edict of Nantes, by Louis the Fourteenth, compelled his Protestant subjects to fly in all directions. He was descended from one of the most ancient families in Normandy. He became the friend of Frederick William of Prussia, while he was Prince Royal, and distinguished himself in the Prussian and afterwards in the Danish service. He was a member of a sort of Bayard club, an association founded on the principles of the Chevalier, *sans peur and sans reproche*, and in 1760 became provost of the cathedral of Brandenburg. In that city he closed his life.

A few days before his death he seemed to have a kind of prescience of its approach, which, from his age, may easily be accounted for. His behaviour on this occasion, though peculiar, does honour to his character as a Christian.

After attending divine worship on Sunday, at the French church, as was his constant custom, he fixed on the spot in which he was determined to be interred; and the next day gave orders to have his grave prepared, with particular directions concerning the manner in which it should be done. After this he resolved to have his coffin made; and one day, when he seemed to be rather more than commonly cheerful, had eaten heartily, and expressed great satisfaction in the pleasure which this circumstance gave to those around him, he suddenly dismissed the servants that attended, and desired M. Buttner to order his coffin home. When it came, he went into the apartment in which it was placed, examined it with great composure, then, uncovering his white hairs, sat down on it, and ordered one of his attendants to read a German hymn, which begins with an expression to this purpose: "Behold the grave! this is the bed on which I must embrace death." Never, says M. Buttner, shall I forget this venerable old man, this knight, without fear and without reproach, thus sitting, surrounded by his family, who in vain endeavoured to conceal their tears. He then settled all his temporal affairs, and thought of nothing but his approaching passage to eternity. Four days before his decease, he desired that the Lord's Supper might be publicly administered in his chamber; and, after partaking of this with his whole family, and several members of the community, he solemnly blessed his children, and took leave of all the attendants. On the 2nd of May, 1774, as his attendant was reading a prayer to him, his son came into his chamber, and offered to relieve the reader. His father tenderly

pressed his hand, and turning himself on one side, fell asleep. "I make use of this expression," adds his biographer, "because I know none more proper to represent the insensible transition of this great man from life to death."

Reviews.

Pictorial History of France. Part XX. THE twentieth and concluding part of this publication is now before us, and the whole work may be had complete in two octavo volumes. Its embellishments are numerous, and the reader of history need not be told that the annals of France abound in narratives that startle and affect with the thrilling varieties of a stirring drama. Always brave, but unhappily always restless, France, through many centuries, when not engaged in a contest with what was conceived her natural enemy, England, was always violently agitated within herself.

How strangely different her attitude at different periods. Now proud and impetuous—overpowering all authority, and thundering fierce defiance in the ear of her sovereign, and now submissively giving way to the insolent assumption of despotic power, and humbly bending before the throne of absolute royalty!

The opening scenes of the revolution, which brought the unhappy Louis the XVI to the scaffold, find a place in this part. They are melancholy in the extreme, and their gloom is anything but relieved by the horrible burlesque connected with deeds of blood. The wanton folly which prompted some of the absurdities in which the frantic treachery of the excited mob indulged are almost as disgusting as the dreadful crimes of which they are the accompaniment. Some of the passages in the following extract, were the date concealed, it might be supposed belonged to the twelfth or fifteenth, rather than to the close of the eighteenth century:

"The first rays of light, on the following morning, had scarcely fallen on the abode of the king, when a rabble of men and women, led on by some of the deputies in disguise, broke into the chateau, and filled in an instant the terrace, the gardens, and the courts. Frightfully discordant sounds were heard. 'Give us the head of the queen!' 'Down with the queen!' 'Louis shall no longer be king!' 'The Duke of Orleans shall reign over us!' 'He will give us bread!' were some of the cries of the banditti. The market women, with their fierce screams, added to the odious confusion of the tumult. 'Where is that * * * wretch?' 'Bring her to us dead or alive!' 'Let us see Marie Antoinette—she has often danced here for her own pleasure, now we will make her dance for ours!' 'Let us cut off her head! We will devour her heart!' were some of

their ferocious expressions, mingled with others too offensive to decorum to be here repeated. Two of the body guards, who were faithful to their duty, were struck down, and left on the ground covered with wounds. The crowd forced their way into the building. Two ladies in attendance on the queen, whose attachment had caused them to remain near her all that night, being suddenly awaked, gave the alarm. Her majesty hastily slipped on a petticoat, threw a mantle over her shoulders, and passed by a passage to the king's apartment. She heard the intruders exclaim, 'We must hang her!' 'We will cut her throat!' Scarcely had she quitted her chamber, when it was invaded. A thousand imprecations were breathed by the disappointed assassins, at finding that the queen was not there. Fearing for the life of his son, the king had hastened to the chamber of the dauphin, and carried him off in his arms.

"In the first moment of attack, two of the *gardes du corps*, who would not abandon their post, were massacred. Their heads were taken off, mounted on pikes, and carried about in triumph. The wretch who decapitated them was a man who wore a long black beard. His aspect was savage, his arms were naked, his hands and clothes were stained with blood, and he proudly exhibited the axe, the instrument of his cruelty. This monster, whose name was Nicholas Jourdan, was accustomed to sit as a model to the academy for painting and sculpture. His labours that day obtained for him the surname of *head cutter*. The *gardes du corps* were assailed, and compelled to assume the caps of the grenadiers to save their lives. Eighteen of them, about to be savagely butchered, were spared through the interference of La Fayette, who called upon them to take the oath of fidelity to the king and the nation, and ordered them to hold up their hands in token of their being content to do so. La Fayette then waited upon the king, and informed him that it was the wish of the people that he should on that very day take up his residence in Paris. He painted to him in glowing colours the danger to which he would expose himself by a refusal. The king yielded, and announced from the balcony that he was about to proceed with his family to the capital. 'Let the queen show herself,' some of the multitude called out. She immediately stepped forward, leading the dauphin in one hand, and the princess royal in the other. 'No children,' roared the same voices, and the royal infants were withdrawn. The queen remained alone. Her grace and firmness commanded the admiration of the crowd, and the assassins were for a moment disconcerted.

"All being ready for their departure at one o'clock, the king, the queen, the young princess, Monsieur, Madame, Madame Elizabeth, and the Marchioness de Tourzel, entered the carriage which drew up for their reception. Their cortege consisted of trains of artillery, munitions of war, provisions, brigands armed with pikes, and drunken females covered with mud. Some of their guards were on horseback, others on foot,

variously armed with muskets and sabres. The soldiers and the mob raised dismal cries, and frequently sung indecent songs. The carriage was immediately surrounded by a body of cavalry, mingled with foot soldiers, national guards, and women. Cannon, loaded with grape shot, were constantly pointed at them. The livid heads of the two guards who had been slaughtered were carried before them, and the monsters who bore them seemed proud of their atrocity. His axe on his shoulder, the horrible *head cutter* was conspicuous in the crowd, his face red with blood. Their cruelty was associated with such wantonness, 'that,' according to M. Hue, 'passing through the village of Seves, they stopped to have the hair of the two gory heads dressed and powdered,' to heighten the disgusting extravagance of the spectacle."

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. — A paper was read to substitute the oxide of antimony for white lead. Among its advantages, it is as pure in colour as the most beautiful silver white; it forms with oil an unctuous and cohesive mixture, and as a coating to wood or any other article is superior to white lead; when dry it preserves its brilliancy, and, mixed with other colours, produces a much better effect than white lead; it is also two-thirds cheaper. M. de Ruolz states, that in the preparation of the flower of antimony, there is no danger to the operator, and that in using it as a paint none of those emanations take place which make white lead so dangerous. — A communication, in connexion with that made by M. de Ruolz, relative to the substitution of flower of antimony for white lead as paint, was made by M. Rousseau. For some time past this gentleman has been endeavouring to extract the sulphur from pyrites, and, having succeeded in his experiments, he stated the result. His mode of operating is simple, being an imitation of the natural reaction by which oxygen is fixed on oxidable substances, by the influence of steam. It suffices to pass over sulphurets of iron, lead, copper, and antimony, a double stream of air and steam, for the pyritous mass to be reduced entirely to a sulphurous acid and metallic oxide, in the form of an impalpable powder. Thus, the unproductive mines of antimony in France may be turned to immediate account, as this oxide is, without further preparation, in a fit state for mixing with oil, to be used as paint.

THE QUACK AND HIS HERALD.

"My father cures all sorts of pains."
Bawls out the Quack's attendant youth:
"That lad," the latter says, "has brains,
And more, a love of sacred truth."

ODD CUSTOMS OF THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.

Students have often read of the cackling of the sacred geese among the Romans, but it is not so well known what an important part the owl acts in the camp of the Chippewas. We find that this bird is held in such veneration that, when in the night an owl is heard sounding its note, or calling to its mate, some person in the camp will rise, and taking a quantity of *glicanican*, or Indian tobacco, strew it on the fire, thinking that the ascending smoke will reach the bird, and that he will see they are not unmindful of his services, and of his kindness to their ancestors. This custom originated in the following incident, which tradition has handed down:—

It happened when they were engaged in a war with a distant and powerful nation, that a body of their warriors was in the camp fast asleep, no kind of danger being apprehended. Suddenly an owl sounded the alarm; and all the birds of the species were alert at their posts, all at once calling out, as if saying—"Up! danger! danger!" Obedient to their call, every man jumped up in an instant, when, to their surprise, they found that their enemy was in the act of surrounding them, and they would all have been killed in their sleep if the owl had not given them this timely warning.

Speaking of their wars, it is an awful spectacle to see the Indian warriors return home from a successful expedition, with their prisoners and the scalps taken in battle. It is not unlike the return of a victorious regular army from the field with the prisoners and colours taken from the enemy, but the appearance is far more frightful and terrific. The scalps are carried in front, fixed on the end of a thin pole, about five or six inches in length; the prisoners follow, and the warriors advance shouting the dreadful scalp-yell, which has been called by some the death-halloo. For every head taken, dead or alive, a separate shout is given. In this yell or whoop there is a mixture of triumph and terror; its elements seem to be glory and fear, so as to express at once the feelings of the shouting warriors, and those with which they have inspired their enemies.

Different from this yell is the alarm-whoop, which is never sounded but when danger is at hand. It is performed in quick succession, much as with us the repeated cry of fire! fire! when the alarm is very great, and lives are known or believed to be in danger. Both this and the scalp yell consist of the sounds *aw* and *oh*, successively uttered, the last more accented, and sounded higher than the first; but in the scalp-yell this last sound is drawn out at great length, as

long, indeed, as the breath will hold, and is raised about an octave higher than the former; while in the alarm-whoop it is rapidly struck on, as it were, and only a few notes higher than the other. These yells or whoops are dreadful indeed, and well calculated to strike with terror those whom long habit has not accustomed to them. It is difficult to describe the impression which the scalp-yell, particularly, makes on a person who hears it for the first time.

The preliminary cruelties inflicted on prisoners when they enter an Indian village with the conquering warriors are very severe when a particular revenge is to be exercised, but otherwise, in many instances, it is rather a scene of amusement than a punishment. Much depends on the courage and presence of mind of the prisoner. On entering the village he is shown a painted post at the distance of from twenty to forty yards, and told to run to it and catch hold of it as quickly as he can. On each side of him stand men, women, and children with axes, sticks, and other offensive weapons, ready to strike him as he runs, in the same manner as is done in the European armies when soldiers, as it is called, run the gauntlet. If he should be so unlucky as to fall in the way he will probably be immediately dispatched by some person longing to avenge the death of some relation or friend slain in battle; but the moment he reaches the goal he is safe and protected from further insult until his fate is determined.

If a prisoner in such a situation shows a determined courage, and when bid to run for the painted post, starts at once with all his might and exerts all his strength and agility until he reaches it, he will most commonly escape without much harm, and sometimes without any injury whatever, and, on reaching the desired point, he will have the satisfaction to hear his courage and bravery applauded. But woe to the coward who hesitates, or shows any symptoms of fear! He is treated without much mercy, and is happy at last if he escapes with his life.

A scene of this description happened to three American prisoners in April, 1782, who were one day brought in by fourteen warriors from the garrison of Fort McIntosh. As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky river, to which the village lay adjacent, they were told by the captain of the party to run as hard as they could to a post which was shown to them. The youngest of the three, without a moment's hesitation, immediately started for it, and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could and likewise reached the post unhurt; but the third, frightened

at seeing so many men, women, and children with weapons in their hands ready to strike him, kept begging the captain to spare his life, saying he was a mason, and he would build him a fine large stone house, or do any work for him that he should please. "I seek your life," cried the chief to him, "and don't talk now of building houses!" But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the captain, who at last finding his exhortations vain, and fearing the consequences, turned his back upon him and would not hear him any longer. Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen, would at once have decided his fate. He however reached the goal, not without being sadly bruised, and he was besides bitterly reproached and scoffed at all round as a vile coward, while the others were hailed as brave men, and received tokens of universal approbation.

TO THE SKELETON OF A FOOT.

THE following beautiful stanzas, which would not disgrace the pen of a Byron, appear to have been written on seeing the articulated bones of a female foot, in the window of a fashionable bootmaker (Mr Dowie), to whom they were sent anonymously:—

O fleshless fragment of some female form!—
Of Nature's workmanship the last and best—
Which once with Life's mysterious fire was warm;
What impious hand disturb'd thy place of rest,
And in a glassy slipper thee attired,
Loath'd by the many, by the few admired?
The calm observers of the works of God
In thy anatomy His wonders trace
With purer pleasure than, when silken-shod,
The smirking fool beheld thy mincing pace,
And faultless symmetry, which made him sigh,
Though from thee now he turns his ogling eye.
Let those whose folly seeks to draw a line
Of broad distinction between dust and dust,
Thy plebeian, or thy noble caste divine!
They cannot:—God, immutable and just,
Alike to all his heavenly image gave;
'Tis man that makes the monarch and the slave.
Perhaps thou once wert cushioned in high state
Amidst the circle of the drawing-room;
But no! the bodies of the proud and great
Are wont to rot in vault and marble tomb,
As if the bones of self-s'yled noble forms
Should be reserved for better sorts of worms!
Perhaps thou trod'st some humbler walk of life,
And wert from truth and virtue led astray
By one who promised thee the name of wife,
And praised thy symmetry but to betray
The soul, confiding, innocent, and young,
That readily believed his flatter'ing tongue.
Thy perfect mechanism may have served
Some opera dancer, fraught with every grace—
Save modesty—and with that courage nerved
Which quickly sears a young and blushing face,
When oft submitted to the searching gaze
Of thousand eyes 'midst thousand lights' full blaze.
And where's the soul that o'er thy frame once shed
The "poetry of motion?" Who can tell
Into what realm the immortal part hath fled?
Or if in misery or joy it dwelt?
Or if each thought of all its earthly ties
Fades from the memory when the body dies.

Miscellaneous.

THE TREE WASP OF INDIA.—Societies of tree wasps, as of bees, consist of three different classes of inhabitants—males, females, and neuters. The females, which are much larger than the others, are the large breeding wasps which appear in the spring. The neuters, or imperfectly developed females, are the common wasps which infest our houses and gardens, and form the majority of the colony. The males, about the size of the neuters, have longer antennæ, a more slender form, and are destitute of a sting. The females, which alone survive the winter, early in the spring, having fixed on a suitable place for a nest, form a few cells, in which they lay the eggs of neuters only. Each nest is the work of a single female. The nests are often suspended from the beam of a shed, from the eaves of a house, from the branch of a young tree, or in a thorn hedge. The nest consists of from ten to sixteen layers of a paper-like substance, procured principally from firwood, and disposed one over the other in such a manner that each sheet barely touches the next. The structure enables it to resist the heaviest rains. In its earliest state it does not exceed an inch in diameter, and contains five or six cells only. It is formed of two semicircular layers of the paper, the upper one projecting a little over the other, so as to shoot off the rain, a hole being left at the bottom large enough to admit the female wasp. As soon as the first workers quit their cells, they begin the task of enlarging the nest and of adding fresh layers of cells, in which the female immediately deposits more eggs. Mr Bigge states that the nest is enlarged from one inch to twelve in diameter, and considers that Leach is in error when he affirms that wasps build two nests in the year. The egg is hatched in eight days, and then assumes the form of a grub. It is then fed by the female for thirteen or fourteen days, when the grub covers the mouth of its cell with a silky substance. It remains in this state for nine days, and then eats its way through the covering, and joins the rest in the labours of the nest. As soon as the neuters are hatched, the care of feeding the larvæ devolves upon them. The males appear to employ themselves in cleaning and preparing the cells for successive broods. Mr Bigge has never found, in any single instance, a male larva in the cells appropriated to females.

AN ANCIENT INCOME TAX.—In the year 1187, at a general assembly of the nobles and people of the kingdom of Jerusalem, with the consent and approbation of the king, it was determined, in the imminent necessity of the time, to have recourse to a property and income tax. Assessors were

appointed to estimate the property and income of each person in the realm; measures were taken to insure individuals against surcharge and afford them the power of appeal; the assessors were bound by oath not to reveal the secrets of any man's fortune, which they might discover in the execution of their duty; and the lower class were in some degree protected against the pressure of the tax. The impost was fixed at one per cent. upon property, and two per cent. upon income derived from ordinary revenues.

LIFE REFUSED.—In such horror was transportation to so distant a place as Australia held when our settlement in New South Wales was first established, that about the year 1789, six females convicted of capital felonies refused a commutation of the punishment. They were, however, again brought up, when five of them changed their minds, but one woman, named Sarah Crowder, still held out. She was then admonished by the Recorder, and told that if she persevered he should report her case to his Majesty, and give directions for her execution. The wretched creature still peremptorily refused, and was ordered from the bar to prepare for death. The humanity of Mr Garrow, the late judge, interposed. He left the court, accompanied by another counsellor, reasoned with her, and after a short absence returned and entreated that the convict might once more be permitted to come into court, where at length she expressed contrition and submitted to be saved.

The Gatherer.

Licensers of the Press.—In the days of Queen Elizabeth no book was allowed to be published without the permission of licensers, who were, for the better protection of literary property, only to give one licence for the same book. These persons, however, were tampered with by the booksellers to furnish half a dozen authorities to different persons for the same work. In Queen Anne's reign the office of licenser to the press was abolished.

Noble Titles.—The title *lord* is a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon *hlaford*, afterwards written *loved*, and lastly *lord*, from *hlaf*, bread (hence our word "loaf"), and *ford*, to give; *lord* therefore means the giver of bread—*lady* is in like manner derived from *hlaf d'ian*, to serve.

A Thug's Respectability.—In conversation we often wound the feelings of others without intending it. Mr Davidson, talking with a Thug on the subject of a clever robbery, tells that "the lively, nay, ultra-professional joy which illuminated his countenance tempted me to exclaim, rather unguardedly, 'Perhaps you were employed in that little affair yourself, or it may have

been executed by some of your agents?' His manner immediately changed 'from lively to severe,' and with a look that might have frozen a less innocent querist, he exclaimed with a sneer, 'No, sir! murder, and not robbery, is my profession!'

Luxuries of Montezuma.—This Mexican monarch, who was put to death, indulged in great profusion. He had a multitude of wives; he never put on the same apparel a second time, but gave it away to his attendants; his meals the emperor took alone. The well-matted floor of a large saloon was covered with hundreds of dishes. Frequently his steward indicated those which he preferred, and were kept hot by means of chafing-dishes. The royal bill of fare comprehended, besides domestic animals, game from the distant forests, and fish which the day before was swimming in the Gulf of Mexico! They were dressed in manifold ways, for the Aztec artistes had penetrated deep into the mysteries of culinary science. Among the dainties served at the Emperor's table we find enumerated a "fricassee of young children."

How to preserve a Fine Complexion.—Lady Eg, the Nino d'Enclos of the last century, retained a beautiful complexion till her death, at the age of 91. This she effected by periodically washing her face with *sow's grease*.

Age of the Saviour.—It has generally been supposed that Christ passed thirty-three years in this world, but Irenæus declares he was about fifty years old at his crucifixion. Irenæus was a disciple of Polycarp, who was a disciple of St John.

Cato at Oxford.—When Addison's awfully dull tragedy was first acted at Oxford, so enormous was the attraction "that," says the manager, "our house was in a manner invested, and entrance demanded by twelve o'clock at noon; and before one it was not wide enough for many, who came too late for their places. The same crowds continued for three days together, an uncommon curiosity in that place; and the death of Cato triumphed over the injuries of Caesar everywhere."

The Railways in Danger.—At present our railway proprietors deem the monopoly perfectly safe, but the French papers announce that a composition has been made which will reduce to a mere trifle the price of rails for railroads. Kaolin clay (that used for making pottery and china) combined with a certain metallic substance, gives a body so hard as to wear out iron, without being injured by it in turn. Two hundred pounds of this substance will cost less than 12s., and would furnish two and a half metres of rail. This being the case, we may see a cheap railway formed, and shares reduced to half or a third of those now claimed.

Fungi.—The botanic term *fungi* (a word

which has now become almost naturalized to our tongue) is particularly expressive of the functions they perform, whether it be immediately derived from *funus* and *ago*, as indicative of their office, the removal of the dead, or intermediately from *fungor*, to discharge or execute a duty. The natural history of these plants is one replete with interest, and, notwithstanding the little attention they commonly excite, they are constantly labouring for the general advantage. The quickness of their growth is astonishing, and the rapidity of their increase all but past belief. The Bovista or Bull-puff Ball has been computed to grow at the rate of many million ells per minute, upwards of a million per second.

Blacks not inferior in Intellect to Whites.—Mr L'Instant, a native of Haiti, whose 'Essay on the Prejudices against the Colour of the Africans' obtained the prize from the French Anti-Slavery Society, in his learned and philosophical examination of the source of the prejudices which stigmatize the Negroes as an inferior race, shows that similar prejudices have been nurtured wherever an ascendancy has been established. The Spartans, the Athenians, and the Romans regarded their slaves with the same contempt and the same hatred, generated by fear, which the Turks evinced towards the Greeks, the Normans towards the Saxons, the Franks towards the Gauls, and the American planters towards their Negroes.

Republican Republication.—The whole twenty parts of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' will be published by the Messrs Harpers, with fourteen well-executed plates, for forty-four cents; less than the cost of two numbers in England, and the edition is as good as that of Ballantyne's 'British Novelists,' in double columns.

A Question not easily Answered.—Lord Brougham considers that the tenderest part of a man's character is the virtue, not the vice, for which he is the most distinguished. A man of notorious bravery is, according to him, most piqued by being branded with cowardice! Junius, in a private note to Woodfall, proposes to make a charge of cowardice upon George the Third. Lord Brougham observes—"I need hardly add that the utter falsehood of such a charge was admitted by all parties, even in the utmost heat of factious conflict; but this writer, with the malignity of a fiend, frames his slander in order to assail with certainty the tender point of his victim. According to this the tender point of Aristides was his honesty; of Joseph, his continence; of Howard, his humanity; of Hampden, his public spirit. We should be at a loss, upon this principle, where to have Lord Brougham—which is his "tender point?"—*Athenaeum*.

Advertisement from the Half-moon Tavern, Cheapside, April 13, 1747.—*Io Pean.*—"His

Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland having restored peace to Britain, by the ever-memorable battle of Culloden, fought on the 16th of April, 1746, the choice spirits have agreed to celebrate that day annually by a grand jubilee in the moon; of which the stars are hereby acquainted, and summoned to shine with their brightest lustre, by six o'clock on Thursday next in the evening."

Italian Taste.—One thing is peculiarly delightful in Italy. It is the deep admiration for the fine arts cherished by the humblest and poorest of her children. An Italian guide does not hurry you from painting to painting and chatter an unintelligible jargon. No! they linger delightedly themselves, they point out every touch that bespeaks the master's hand, and their own eyes light up if you do but admire enough; they ask no words, they mark the fixed attention, the look of love, the blush of surprised admiration, and they are satisfied. If, on the other hand, the visitor gallop from room to room, talk of the weather, put up a glass, and inquire what is the hour, the guide will draw coldly aside, and merely observe, "A Titian—a Tintoret,—a Veronese."

Trickery of Alderman Boydell.—After the plate of the 'Death of Wolfe' had become entirely his own property, by his purchasing shares of deceased proprietors,—after it had delivered thousands of impressions, and been repeatedly retouched,—yes, after all this, Boydell fraudulently erased the inscription beneath and printed off apparent "proofs," to the defamation of Woollett, who had been the foundation of the Alderman's fortune, and the gross deception of that liberal public who had relied on his honour.—*Letters on Art-Unions*.

Anecdote of George IV.—The herring fishery had been of little account till about the year 1788, when its importance was recognised. Dining with the Prince of Wales, Admiral Rodney, perceiving some herrings on the table, complimented his Royal Highness on his patronage being extended to a branch of industry which would be likely to add 20,000 men to the English navy. "Such praise," replied the Prince, "is not my due; these herrings, I am sorry to say, were not cured by British hands. But henceforward I shall order a plate of British cured herrings to be purchased at any expense, and to appear a standing dish at this table—we shall call it a Rodney."

ERRATUM.—In the Noble House last week, line 3, for "Heads" read "Bucks."

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